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# Commonweal

*C. K. YEARLEY*

## Katanga and the Congo Crisis

## The Same Always, Please

*GEORGE W. CASEY*

## A Union Shop at Lockheed?

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# THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

## 'ax Cut Experiment

)URING HIS CAMPAIGN one of Mr. Kennedy's ıost telling arguments was to stress the connection etween America's economic growth (so highly derable in itself) and success in the cold war. He aimed that continued stagnation lent weight to ıe Sino-Soviet contention that Marxian socialism early offered underdeveloped countries their best ay out.

During his first two years in office President Kenedy has cautiously pinned his hopes of substantial onomic growth on an expanding national defense ıd space program and expectations of an acceleed American business revival. Business has imoved somewhat but far short of the pace required r the nation to "move ahead" as contemplated.

Accordingly the President now calls for a tax reıction to provide the stimulus to business and emoyment which two years under the aegis of the ew Frontier have failed to produce. He evidently ill counts on private enterprise to do the bulk of e job. Everybody welcomes a reduction in his xes, but general support for the Kennedy proposal many union leaders and by the U.S. Chamber Commerce and the N.A.M. as well, is indicative. ıis is a far cry from a big program of increased ıblic spending, or an effort to promote national onomic growth by attacking the notorious deiencies in our various public services.

Republican protests over the President's Budget essage (and the noticeable lack of Democratic ızzahs) did not reflect opposition to a tax cut as ch but rather to coupling it with a bigger federal ıtlay. Fears of record deficits and a still more towing national debt—and of ensuing inflation—were hemently expressed. But however much of this ıs for the record, the proposed combination of x cut and higher budget is certain to increase Conessional pressures against such constructive meases as aid to schools and underdeveloped countries.

The theory behind the tax cut is that as long as business continues to move forward so slowly heavy Treasury deficits are inevitable, even with present tax rates. But if the economy is given a real shot in the arm at the cost of a sharply aggravated short-term series of deficits, the upsurge of business activity, employment and taxable income will reverse the tide.

One of the influences that economists say will come into play is the "multiplier principle." This means that the money saved by tax cuts will be spent several times in the course of a year as it goes from the original consumer successively to one enterprise after another. A second is the "accelerator effect," whereby increased consumption so invigorates business that it invests in larger plant capacity to meet increased demand. This double process is supposed to continue until full production and employment and a balanced budget are reached.

TO BE SURE, specific calculations are based on a number of unverifiable assumptions. How can we be certain what the individual citizen will do with the new-found sums he has available through tax savings? Will he more than nine-tenths of the time, as contemplated, go right out and buy something, or will he salt some of it away, pay an old financial debt or decide to wait and see? Will business enterprises relieved of some of the tax burdens on profits necessarily decide to expand production, hire more men, etc.? Naturally, reduced personal and corporation taxes in combination will have this sort of effect but to an extent that is indeterminable.

Projections of such unknowns as business activity, profits, savings, tax revenues and the like are highly unreliable. Not only do expert predictions for the future vary greatly now, but the best available estimates in the recent past have proved most faulty. Senator Saltonstall contends that official budget estimates of government expenditures in the past seven years have been three and a half billions



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short annually, on the average. President Kennedy's half-billion surplus estimated for the current fiscal year is turning into a deficit of nearly nine billions—primarily because tax revenues from predicted increased business earnings are falling seven and one half billions short.

It is difficult, then, to regard other estimates with much confidence. The tax-cut plan (perhaps with reforms aimed at closing certain loopholes) is a new departure assured of having economically stimulating effects which are statistically unpredictable. It seems preferable to the present, unsuccessful emphasis on budget balancing. In view of the lack of public or Congressional interest in any more comprehensive program, it is probably worth a try.

## In the Public Interest

A VAGUE threat of "Congressional action" was apparently a factor in the acceptance by the New York longshoremen of the Presidential board's proposal to end the crippling thirty-day Atlantic and Gulf Coast dock strike. What such "action" could be is necessarily a matter of guesswork, since President Kennedy, in his State of the Union message, did not mention labor legislation, as some had hoped he would. Yet since the present wave of deadlocked strikes, cutting across many industrial lines, promises only to extend itself, it is well to face squarely the advisability of new labor legislation, if only to forestall bad legislation.

The breakthrough in the dock workers' strike serves to underscore the troubles that beset the tightly deadlocked, seven-week-old New York newspaper strike. For the former comes under the Taft-Hartley Act and thus is subject to direct federal intervention, whereas the latter does not and is subject only to simple, "advisory" intervention by the federal government.

In some respects the line between those industries which are affected by the Taft-Hartley Act and those which are not is not as clear as it could be. Only industries which affect the "national interest, health or safety" and "interstate commerce" usually come under the law. But if a strike which affects a vital center of public opinion and, in fact, one-tenth of the nation's newspaper publishing industry is not a matter of national concern, it is hard to see what would qualify. In practice, moreover, "interstate commerce" has been applied to the most indirect effects of industries upon business in other states. Whether or not the newspaper strike could or should come under such legislation, it is plain that at the very least a general review and re-defining of the existing labor legislation is in order.

In the case of the newspaper deadlock, publi officials appointed a fact-finding Board of Publi Accountability which made some observations perti nent to the need for more imaginative legislation "First," the Board noted, "the printers' strike whicl occasioned the shutdown of all the newspapers wa not a move of last resort to which the printers wer driven after a full exploration of the possibility o settlement." The very least that could be expecte in any impending strike legislation would be provi sion for more adequate means to achieve settlemen of the issues before a strike is called.

New York's newspaper blackout really impose an intolerable burden on public life. Aside from th considerable loss caused to the general economy the absence of adequate news media deeply affect the formation of the public opinion so essential t a democratic republic. It is in this sense, as th Board remarked, "that both labor and managemen owe to the public a duty to use every reasonabl means to avoid a shutdown, and should one occu to bring it to an end as speedily as circumstance will permit."

Thus, while compulsory arbitration is to be re jected as worse than no solution, some solid legisl tion empowering the President to appoint fac finding boards in all future strikes of a sufficientl grave sort, as Senator Jacob K. Javits of New Yor has proposed, would seem to be called for. En lightened law-making in this area is very much matter of public interest.

## Prayer and Unity

IN HIS column this week on "Prayer and Unity (p. 491), Dr. Robert McAfee Brown touches on problem which has proved to be a vexing and del cate one for Catholic ecumenists. How ought Chri tian unity to be envisioned? There can be litt doubt about the traditional answer of the Churcl the only conceivable unity would be a return of th "separated brethren" to the true center of unity, th Roman Catholic Church. For the Catholic, such conception of unity appears to be inescapable. the Catholic Church is the true Church establishe by Christ, the only one empowered by Him to pr serve and proclaim the message of salvation, the unity on any other terms than acceptance of th Church's authority seems unimaginable.

Nonetheless, however inexorable this rationa seems to be, it has become apparent to many Cat olic ecumenists that a "submission to Rome" theo of Christian unity suffers from many drawbacks. does not make clear to Protestants and Orthodc that the Church is open to the contemporary gui



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ance of the Holy Spirit. It fails to make clear just what the Church itself can or should do to bring about unity; it appears to put the sole burden of reunion on the shoulders of others. Finally, post-Reformation history shows how improbable it is to expect mass conversions to Catholicism.

Faced with such an array of difficulties, is there any way out for the Catholic ecumenist? Is his cause a hopeless one from the outset? Not at all. For what both Catholics and Protestants are now coming to see is that reunion must fully and totally be placed in the hands of God. This does not mean the sacrifice of doctrines essential to the integrity of the churches; and it surely does not mean that the Catholic Church should cease pressing its authority and its mandate from Christ. But it does mean that the concept of "submission" no longer provides an adequate basis for a genuine effort toward unity.

Yet what, consonant with the integrity of Catholic doctrine, are we to put in its place? That is exactly what we do not yet know. And that is why, if we are to find out, we must pray. In the meantime, as Pope John has emphasized, our task is to renew the Church—that it will show forth its glory. Only then will we be ready for unity.

## Reason and Ideology

PERHAPS the greatest irony in the dispute between the Soviet Union and Communist China is that the Communist world is now mired in the same type of debate which has for years divided anti-Communists. Ought one to press for one's goals by peaceful methods or by adopting a hard, aggressive stance? As the Western world knows only too well, such disputes can wreak havoc. They lead to a confused and wavering strategy, an undermining of mutual trust, charges and counter-charges of loyalty and disloyalty, and a woeful destruction of carefully tailored public images.

Yet, as the Western world also knows, alliances based on broad ideological similarities and common interests can weather considerable internal dissension. They are always troublesome but rarely insurmountable. Thus anyone who hopes for a decisive break between Russia and China is probably hoping in vain.

The one thing, however, that the East Berlin party congress has brought out is that the Soviet Union is well aware of the dangers of nuclear war; and, more importantly, willing to go on record as fearful of it. If that is hardly, in the case of the Soviet Union, the stuff that genuine peace is made of, it provides at least a context for the exercise of rationality. Were ideological commitments (as China, apparently, would have it) the only consideration, the hope for world peace would be dim. But ideology tempered by the exceedingly rational fear of nuclear annihilation is another matter. That, at least, provides something for men of good or bad will to work with.

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*A month ago, we were happy to announce Dr. Robert McAfee Brown's column "A Protestant Viewpoint." This week we take pleasure in publishing the first of an every-other-week column, "Washington Report," by William V. Shannon. Mr. Shannon, a Washington correspondent for the last decade, is the author of "The American Irish," scheduled for publication in the near future.*

*The increasing importance of Washington as perhaps the most important seat of government in the world gives Mr. Shannon's column a special importance in the pages of The Commonweal. Long-time readers, who will recall his occasional articles in these pages during the Eisenhower era, will doubtless join us in welcoming him.*

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*WASHINGTON REPORT*

# The New What?

AS PRESIDENT Kennedy begins his third year in office, the politics of personality has gained still further at the expense of the politics of program.

The most important fact in Washington today is the extraordinary dominance which Mr. Kennedy exercises in the politics and press coverage of the nation. No one in either party effectively challenges his personal ascendancy. Governor Nelson Rockefeller has his hopes, but few share them; the show of solid Democratic strength in the mid-term elections and the President's popularity rating of 74 per cent in the latest Gallup Poll do not suggest that next year's Republican nomination will prove particularly valuable. And although on platforms around the country Senator Barry Goldwater orates and glowers convincingly, in Washington he dwindles to genial inconsequence. Not in the nearly thirty years since Franklin Roosevelt's first term has any President cared so much about political power, drawn it so skilfully into his own hands, and been so well situated to bring it to bear.



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In achieving this prestige and eminence, Mr. Kennedy has been aided enormously by his talented, industrious and, shall we say, not bashful family. If his political adroitness recalls Roosevelt, his family brings to mind the Bonapartes. It will be recalled that Napoleon made his brothers and brothers-in-law kings of various small countries and that, aside from politics, he and Empress Josephine set the style in many fields from hairdressing to furniture. The President and Mrs. Kennedy have established the equivalent of a republican Court. There are parties worthy of a *Vogue* editor ("What are the beautiful people doing this month?") and an endless round of distinguished cultural events such as poetry readings by Robert Frost, a dinner for Nobel Prize winners, a recital by Pablo Casals, and a special showing of the Mona Lisa. All this is done with imagination and good taste.

Nor does the President's family scant time for good works such as the efforts of his sisters on behalf of the mentally retarded and the First Lady's Christmastime visit to Negro orphans. Humorist Art Buchwald was exaggerating only slightly when he suggested that the Kennedys have been so good for the business of concert pianists, wigmakers, interior decorators, night club satirists, rocking chair manufacturers, and countless others that the country could not afford to turn them out of office in 1964; it would cause unemployment.

In delivering his State of the Union message, Mr. Kennedy reflected in his voice and demeanor the great popular success he and his family have achieved. He appeared tanned, fit, strong; he spoke with confident emphasis; he demonstrated once again that he has most of the requisite gifts of the statesman including intelligence, decision, firmness, and a relaxed air of authority, and all these gifts tempered and matured by two years in the highest office.

UNFORTUNATELY, his speech, for all its well-crafted alliteration and cool eloquence, was not worthy of the man and his opportunities. Everything in the message was deliberately subordinated to the rather soggy objective of a tax cut. A reduction in taxes at this juncture has become, like the expansion of the reciprocal trade act last year, a part of the conventional economic wisdom. It is advocated by the progressives in the business community (Committee for Economic Development) and the hardshells (U.S. Chamber of Commerce), by the trade unions, and by an overwhelming majority of professional economists. The economic wisdom of a tax cut may be unexceptionable, although Ambassador J. K. Galbraith did enter a discreet public dissent before returning to his post in New Delhi, but the political and moral judgments represented in giving it first place are distinctly questionable.

Politically speaking, the tax cut is a sure thing. Like the Reciprocal Trade Act which was the Administration's major legislative objective last year, it poses or of those much-publicized legislative struggles that a half-real and half-sham. There are certain secondar tactical problems which are real enough and whic have to be overcome in getting the bill through Co gress, but given the broad consensus of support an aggressive White House management, tax reduction, distinguished from tax reform, cannot lose.

This raises the question: why does a popular, stron ly-entrenched President concentrate only on sure thing A chief executive who dares appropriate for his Admi istration the designation, the New Frontier, should n content himself with articulating the conventional wi dom and managing the consensus. Morally speaking, tax cut is a sop to selfishness in a time of trial, a furth enrichment of the private sector when the public sect is still starved for funds.

Two years ago in his first State of the Union messag the President said: "We will do what must be don For our national household is cluttered with unfinish and neglected tasks." But this year, he said a tax c "requires the reduction or postponement of many d sirable programs." He pledged that except for nation defense and outer space, requests for funds would l held below the level of a year ago.

A tax reduction even when combined with a budg ceiling may provide a desirable stimulant for the eco omy. That is debatable. What is certain is that t President has recommended a basically non-controv sial course that will neither diminish his own bro popularity nor improve the quality of life in our afflue society.

WILLIAM V. SHANN

*(William V. Shannon has been a Washington corr pondent for the past decade and is the author of t forthcoming book, "The American Irish." This is t first in what will be a regular, every-other-week repo from Washington by Mr. Shannon.)*

## *Next Week*

RONALD STEEL writes about Britain and Europe and the lesson of Skybolt:

"The outraged cries of 'betrayal' from Britain's right-wing press make inflammatory reading, but not very much sense. Skybolt was a gamble from the start, the Macmillan government knew it, and it decided to take a chance because it offered the best hope of remaining a nuclear power without really paying for it. All that has now gone by the boards. Like nothing else since the fiasco of Suez, the Skybolt affair has driven home to the British the full extent of their military dependence upon the United States."



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*C. K. Yearley*

# Katanga and the Congo Crisis

***One must first understand what the government of the Congo was originally intended to be.***

THIRTY MONTHS after gaining its independence, the Republic of the Congo continues to be divided. The nature of the division has undeniably changed, but for the great powers and for the United Nations not dramatically enough to expunge the causes of crisis. One deadline has already passed: Secretary-General U Thant's demand on behalf of the U.N. that secessionist Katanga province, led by its President Moise Tshombé, reunite with the Central Government of Premier Cyrille Adoula by November 15, 1962. Another deadline looms ahead, when the U.N.'s financial distress could compel withdrawal of the international army upon which "law and order" in the country, as well as the integrity of the Central Government, depend. The latest fighting has erupted between the scissors of both deadlines, no doubt as a preface to negotiations; U.N. forces have moved into Katangan strongholds, and diplomats are astir.

The clarity with which the Katangan *opéra bouffe* can now be viewed is the consequence of an extended winnowing of political factions and personalities. Difficult to detect, this process has been progressing since the Tshombé regime proclaimed itself independent of the Republic in July of 1960, days after the Congolese Republic had been established.

Intricate questions have not assumed readily soluble dimensions, of course; but they have been reduced to relatively simple terms. Throughout, the constant element present has been the interaction and opposition of two kinds of internal and external forces: those which are bent upon unifying and centralizing the government of the Republic in Leopoldville and those which, regardless of their motivations, are anxious to Balkanize and decentralize the territory and the powers of the Republic.

To better understand the collision of these forces, it is well to recall what the government of the Congo originally was intended to be and what happened thereafter to that intention. Early in 1960, nearly six months prior to independence, a Congolese government was structured by the Belgians and representatives of Congolese nationalist movements at a gathering in Brussels. The Congolese included in the meeting were men whose names became commonplace in the news of ensuing months—Joseph Kasavubu, Patrice Lumumba, Antoine Gizenga, and Albert Kalonji. Under Belgian rule the Congo had been carved into six major provinces ramified along district, territorial, and tribal lines.

The new Republic, as conceived, centered around a central government drawing the six original provinces together through the membership of a bicameral national Parliament which was to sit in Leopoldville. Once assembled, this national Parliament chose a President; the President selected a Premier; and the Premier, in turn, put together a Cabinet. Everyone realized that there would inevitably be transitional problems to be dealt with; however, the supposition was that while Belgian bureaucrats were being "phased" out of office, while elections were being conducted and the government of the Republic was being composed, the extant provincial governments, of which Katanga was one, would function harmoniously as power was being compacted in Leopoldville. The supposition proved false.

THE ARRIVAL of independence brought chaos. Although Belgian colonialism had developed distinct virtues, its security-minded premises left the Congolese with stunted political capacities. Obviously few colonial people have ever been fully prepared for self-government when it came quickly, but the Congolese were considerably less prepared than some. A handful of young, articulate, but generally inexperienced men fell heir to the skeletal political machinery, sharing little among themselves except diametrically opposing ideas about governing and the nature of the state.

As a result, during the summer of 1960, although the Central Government of President Kasavubu and his erratic, fanatically centralist Premier Patrice Lumumba, sought desperately to weaken them, centrifugal tendencies prevailed. Internal order disintegrated in sporadic tribal warfare, rioting against Europeans, and mutinies among the police and the Army. Katanga announced its independence; and separatist movements advanced confidently in Kasai and Oriental provinces.

The Belgians grew understandably reluctant about pulling out, so long as their departure might expose the

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remaining Belgian nationals, their properties, and other Europeans to the perils of disorder. Yet the vestiges of colonialism seemingly represented by the continued presence of Belgian troops and by Belgian encouragement of Katangan secession, provoked Leopoldville into calling for whatever succor outside powers were willing to offer it. The Soviets were not laggard in grasping the bait; and the convections of Soviet movement drew American interest to the scene with them, converting the Congo, Katanga, and related squabbles into grist for the Cold War.

"To protect the national territory of the Congo against the present external aggression . . ." the United Nations, at the urgent behest of the Kasavubu-Lumumba government, rushed into the cockpit in July, 1960. If the U.N. was by its own rulings constrained to function impartially, "impartiality" clearly came to denote different qualities in different capitals. From the outset, therefore, the U.N. mission, which eventually counted almost 19,000 men, was perplexed, misunderstood, and the object of fierce dispute.

There circulated in Western circles a presumption that the U.N. was simply empowered to restore order, hasten the exodus of Belgian troops, and protect persons and property until government was stabilized. On this score opinions varied. A number of African states, specifically those affiliated with the so-called "Casablanca group," in company with the U.S.S.R., arguing that Katanga's secession was contrived by Belgian colonialists, insisted that Tshombé's Katanga regime be unseated forcibly by the U.N.; they demanded that the Congo, in short, be unified under international auspices—or else. Inspired by whims of Premier Lumumba, the Central Government likewise envisaged U.N. intervention as a blunt instrument to be brought down upon mutinous Congolese troops, the Katangans, and other separatists.

When U.N. troops, hoping to speed the ouster of the Belgians, moved into Katanga but failed to depose Tshombé, Lumumba gestured in the direction of Moscow. He denounced the U.N., for whose presence he was largely responsible, placing it in a hazardous position, and then fretfully disrupted the inner workings of the Central Government itself. The tangle could hardly have been any more complete.

The skein of events from the end of 1960 until November of 1962—the catalyzing murder of Lumumba, the appearance of an additional separatist movement led by his Communist-backed disciple, Antoine Gizenga, and clashes involving the U.N. and each of the Congolese factions—is too tedious to unravel here. But the cumulative effect of these developments was to sharpen the perception among a number of Afro-Asian states, as well as to heighten the awareness of the Central Government itself, that great stakes were up for forfeit should the Congolese demonstrate an inability to surmount their political problems. These attitudes in turn provided a more affirmative mandate for positive action on the part of the U.N. and its Congo mission.

Only subsequently, during 1961 and during the first half of 1962, the U.N., while not without assistance, imperfectly and amid much contention managed to perform several significant tasks. It temporarily contributed to the halting of internecine warfare and succeeded in easing the Congolese Army out of politics. It hurried Belgians, whose presence constituted an irritant on the way, though insofar as Tshomé's hiring of Belgian mercenaries and advisors was concerned this could not be satisfactorily accomplished in Katanga. It also effectually sealed off sections of the Congo from direct Soviet aid to the forces or followers of Antoine Gizenga.

HENCE, by gradually helping to banish opportunities for an easy resort to outright military settlements, the U.N. set the stage for discussions among the contestants about the nature of the Congolese state. Talks along this line among contending factions actually commenced in March, 1961. A year and a half later, while eruptions of violence could not be discounted, the talks had shaken down to a dialogue between Cyrille Adoula, Premier of the Central Government after August 1961, and Moise Tshombé. Of separatists outside of Katanga, none of the principals remained in action; Antoine Gizenga, favorite of the Communist bloc was in exile; and Albert Kalonji, the self-crowned King of Kasai was serving a jail term. A good deal of fat had been fried out of the Congo crisis.

For purposes of fighting or negotiating, the position of Tshombé's Katangan government, as indicated by the tenacity of its secession, has been exceedingly strong by standards of *Afrique noire*. Its indigenous strength rests upon the vast, profitable mining enterprises of Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, representing Belgian and British investment in copper, cobalt, and uranium. The income of this mining complex, which has transformed Katanga into the richest portion of the Congo, normally ran as high as $340,000,000 a year and there have been estimates that the company could pay from $40 to $50 million annually into the treasury of the Central Government were unification to become a reality.

Moise Tshombé, whose power is now nourished by these revenues, is himself the offspring of one of the richest families in the Congo. From the moment of secession, wealth, Tshombé and the Belgians have worked in harness. Blessed with adequate resources Tshombé has mustered a professional army directed by several hundred mercenaries, many presumably former Belgian officers, and he has built up a small air force of perhaps forty planes. The Katangan government, furthermore, has welcomed returning Belgians and has hired considerable numbers of them, as well as other



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Europeans and Rhodesians, to fill offices, serve in technical posts and render advice. Again, therefore, by African standards Tshombé's government is not only sound financially and militarily, it also enjoys a certain measure of administrative integrity.

If Tshombé displays considerable internal strength, that strength still reflects and is heavily contingent upon the support he is able to solicit beyond the borders of Katanga. Nearby, in Sir Roy Welensky's neighboring Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, closely linked to Katanga both geologically and economically, Tshombé has won very staunch backing. Similarly, until the election of a Socialist government in Brussels, represented in the foreign ministry by Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgium officially and for apparent reasons encouraged Katangan secession and stiffened resistance against the attempts of Leopoldville and the U.N. to secure reunification, especially a reunification by force which might lead to destruction and sabotage in the mining areas. There is evidence now, however, that the Belgians are less fearful that change will jeopardize their interests in Katanga.

The British and the West Germans have also tended to approve Tshombé's separate status: the British in part because they have disagreed with the role assumed by the U.N. and in part because turmoil in the Congo might spread to portions of Africa in which they have heavier responsibilities. The West Germans apparently have viewed the Katangan stand tolerantly because they are good customers of Union Minière. Throughout the Western world there has also been loud vocal support for the Tshombé government among certain conservatives and militantly anti-Communist elements. To these groups, of which the American Committee to Aid Katangan Freedom Fighters is one, the U.N. is indictable for foolishly placing itself at the disposal of leftists, neutralists, or similarly untrustworthy regimes, when by abetting Katangan independence it might have sustained principles of "self-determination" in an African enclave of anti-Communism.

MEASUREMENT of the relative strength that underlies relations between the Congolese Central Government and the Katangans is too full of variables to be precise. Compared to Katanga, however, the internal

posture of Adoula's Leopoldville administration seems inherently weaker than Tshombé's; but on the other hand the external political resources upon which it can count are greater than Tshombé's and are growing. Thus, for example, on the debit side of the power ledger, the domestic revenues of the Adoula government are inadequate; its administrative system is underdeveloped; its authority is widely ignored or disallowed; and its army of 25,000 men constitutes a serious drainage of its vital energies. From many angles, though Cyrille Adoula himself is respected among political elements of varying opinions, his regime has a sickly cast.

But the side of the ledger most likely to produce a "resolution" of the Congolese problem, more than redresses the balance by bringing to bear, in Adoula's behalf, the direct power of the U.N., the influence of the United States and some of its allies, and the attitudes, policies, and votes of many "anti-colonial" Afro-Asian countries. Leopoldville benefits enormously from the official recognition extended it by the U.N., particularly since the U.N. is formally committed to reunification under the aegis of the Central Government. Moreover, the U.N. presently maintains a military command on the scene which though ostensibly keeping contentious Congolese factions apart is, in effect, shielding Adoula from Tshombé. This is the same force that U Thant strongly implied might undertake the vigorous implementation of the announced policy of the world organization if secession is not soon ended. U.N. technical, educational, and advisory assistance, meantime, has proven invaluable to Adoula in default of the Belgian skills that earlier became a major export of the newly independent Republic.

In addition, besides underwriting the U.N.'s Congo policy, the United States, distraught by Communist intervention in the Congo, has been a prime mover of diplomatic props periodically shoved beneath the Adoula regime. Washington, indeed, has functioned as the leading director of erosive pressures turned against Katangan separatism and its European advocates. Awareness of this may well have provoked Tshombé's overtures to the Kennedy Administration in December, 1961, which shortly afterwards brought both him and Adoula together for discussions under the eyes of American Ambassador Edmund Gullion. There is little doubt that since then the United States has been a major determinant of the Katangan situation, and American diplomatists working on Brussels and London have apparently been winning concessions in their drive to reunify the Congo, or, failing that, to secure sanctions against Katanga.

Finally, although their affection for Leopoldville ought not to be inferred from the fact, many African and Asian states, and to some degree countries of the Communist bloc, have excoriated Tshombé as a tool



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of colonialism and have tried whatever seemed feasible in or out of the U.N. to bring him low. Despite bitter disagreements, mutual antipathies, and conflicting motives among them, therefore, the U.N., the United States, and a number of Afro-Asian and Communist states have come to share perversely congruent policies.

Such has been the volatile matrix in which conferences on the future of Congolese government have labored and in which personal negotiations between Premiers Adoula and Tshombé have proceeded. Since February 1961, on Madagascar, at Coquilhatville, and at Kitona, with the American ambassador hovering nearby, several governmental plans have been advanced, agreed to momentarily and then rejected. To those looking on, indeed, it sometimes seemed that the longer the Congo crisis endured, the more futile became efforts to cope with it.

YET SEVERAL observations may have pertinence concerning these frustrating conclaves. First, there were tacit admissions around the table that the Congo is too big, too underdeveloped, too immature administratively, and too severely burdened with politically ignorant, inept, and heterogeneous populations to sustain a powerful unitary government. Secondly, whether the government that ultimately takes shape is dubbed a confederation, as Tshombé apparently prefers, or is "federal" as Adoula and the U.N. wish, it is acknowledged that the crux of the problem lies in striking a practical balance between centralism and localism.

Tshombé's secessionism and pleas for independence, finally, may be less a matter of inflexible conviction than a bargaining position useful in negotiations for provincial autonomy—and the strength of that bargaining position insofar as it is bolstered by London and Brussels may, in his judgment, be ebbing away. "The whole political situation could be resolved in the Congo within a week," reported the Central Government's Foreign Minister late in November, "if . . . [England and Belgium] dropped their obstruction to the U Thant plan." The subjects of Adoula's and Tshombé's direct conversations may augur such a possibility, for they have recently embraced Tshombé's acceptance of the U.N. plan of reunification "in principle" and further discussion on the integration of the Katangan Army into the Congolese Army, Katanga's separate currency, and the best divvy of Union Minière's taxable revenues.

For virtually everyone involved, attempts to define or defend the "freedom" and "independence" of fourteen million Congolese, who as yet are largely unheard from, have frequently proven abortive, embarrassing, and costly. For its part, the United Nations, honoring an urgent appeal to be sure, allowed itself to become ensnared in the domestic politics of the Congo; for better or for worse, its "impartiality" has favored the Leopoldville government. For its pains, the organization has had to withstand some of the harshest and most dangerous assaults upon it in its history. It has likewise paid in the lives of its troops and officials; and its Congolese expenditures, steadily bleeding it, have thrice pressed it to the brink of financial disaster.

American policy, moderate and responsible from Washington perspectives, has been directed toward the maintenance of stability; but "stability," as we generally understand it, has unfamiliar connotations in an African context. Moreover, our dedication to combating Communism where the danger is neither clear, present nor of any concern to leaders of the population, has been misconstrued. Inadvertently, the United States has furnished African nationalists and neutralists the grounds for accusing us of favoring our European allies at their expense, while, conversely, our European allies have charged us with jeopardizing their nationals and investments by irresponsibly fostering excesses of African nationalism. The Russians, however, may have fared no better than we. Divided, the Congo was an inviting field for their mischief; but the political fractures over which they hoped to preside unpredictably ran the wrong way. The Lumumba and Gizenga factions which the Soviets encouraged and sought to aid, collapsed in the general melee; Communist diplomatic delegations were summarily ousted from the Republic; and no forces arose which were sufficiently valuable to warrant their support. Tshombé, after all, was an avowed anti-Communist, a "stooge" of the colonial powers. And the Americans, whom Moscow doubtless expected would rally to the banner of wealth, had, on the contrary, backed reunification under the Central Government thereby rendering Soviet enthusiasm for Leopoldville unfeasible and unprofitable. An act of sublimation may be evinced by Russian snipings designed to keep the U.N. in penury. Finally, the Congo's African neighbors, from the Casablanca group to Ethiopia, have all seen in the speed or direction of the Congolese experiment danger to themselves and their political programs.

Yet mistakes and costs must be weighed against the grim alternatives posed in the Congo. Who can doubt that the disorders that broke out, compounded by Soviet-American rivalries and apprehensions, left alone would have swiftly degenerated into a bloody affray? They did not; and despite savage incidents and tragic episodes, the unfolding of Congolese problems compared to revolutionary transitions in Europe and Asia, or events in Algeria, has been restrained and happily distinguished more by threats than by killings. Whatever follies it may have committed or situations it may have exacerbated or meddling it may have engaged in, the U.N. has probably redeemed itself by the preservation of uncounted lives; as a consequence, the Katanga issue as a symbol of a divided people's political capacities does not yet warrant either premature optimism or deep despair.



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GEORGE W. CASEY

# The Same Always, Please

## *Evelyn Waugh's Hopes for the Council*

MR. EVELYN Waugh's reflections on the Second Vatican Council in the congenial pages of the *National Review*, entitled "The Same Again Please," have the subtitle "A Layman's Hopes of the Vatican Council." His fondest hope, it seems to me, is that the Council will go away and get lost.

In Mr. Waugh's eyes, to begin with, it is nowhere nearly as important to the rest of the world as the First Vatican Council; only the pageantry of its opening accounts for the wide attention that it got. The earlier council, by contrast, had the statesmen of the world sitting on the edges of their chairs; but this one is only of domestic concern. If, he suggests, it would just scrap the *Index*, move the marriage tribunals of the various dioceses to hurry up their decisions, clarify the bishops' right to go around bandying threats of eternal damnation, and then fold up, it would be all right with Mr. Waugh. That is all he wants of the Council and he seems to feel that is all the people want. Moreover, he is much afraid that the bishops—innocents abroad—are being misled by a noisy minority to make changes that the great middle rank and majority of the people with whom he identifies himself) do not want.

This is particularly true of changes in the Mass. The people like the Mass as it is in most places; in a dark church, with a distant priest, back to them, speaking a foreign tongue, inaudibly. They do not want to understand it, really. They would rather be over-awed and mystified. That is the best mood for worship, and anyhow, they prefer to pass the time of Mass in their own way, saying the Rosary, wrestling with recalcitrant children or pondering their earthly affairs. They do not like conformity; their lack of unity and attention shows that. Nor do they want any part of "togetherness" in the business of breaking bread. He infers that if the sort of Mass he sees around him was all right for St. Thomas à Becket, Challoner and Newman, and for the Elizabethan martyrs who died to restore it, then it would be all right for us.

Furthermore, even if the Council does substitute the vernacular for Latin in parts of the Mass, this will not help popular understanding, even in countries where the same language is spoken by all. Differences in accents and vocabularies will prevent it, probably, I rather, only little less than Latin. Finally, when he hears a young, newly-ordained priest enthusiastically prophesying that the proposed changes would sweep away the "irrelevant accretions of the ages" and reveal the Mass in its "apostolic simplicity" he takes it for granted that the priest's aspirations are far from those of his listening congregation.

At this point I find myself wondering if Mr. Waugh really knows the mind and the preferences of the congregation. Somehow or other, I get the idea that a man of his cast of mind, devoted to the past, who asks for more of the same, whatever it is, does not go around sampling the opinions of his simple neighbors. To be sure, until a few years ago the great mass of the laity, and of the clergy, too (I among them), never dreamed of the possibilities of changes in the Mass. The only thing that could make it more intelligible and meaningful and our involvement more vibrant and rewarding were some changes in ourselves. It was not until the handful of liturgists, whom Mr. Waugh holds in fear and disparagement, began praying, working and agitating that any of us began to realize that the crust of the ages could be broken, to release the inspirations and graces of the Mass as a worship service.

Catholic congregations have been sealed off from true rapport with the progress of the Mass for so long that they thought change was impossible. It was just one of those things and they accepted it. After the fashion of people who do not understand what is going on before them and who cannot keep their attention suspended in a vacuum, they developed various expedients for filling it. Yet those of us in the pastoral ministry who have the Dialogue Mass in our parishes and have had some success in involving the people in it are just as sure that our parish loves it as Mr. Waugh is sure his parish does not.

THIS IS the day of exploration: of space, of the depths of the earth and the seas, and of the insides of the atom; it is the day of research and of an unending effort to solve problems and mysteries; of the insatiable quest to know. The Catholic people are not apart from all this, they too want to know what is going on. They prefer to know rather than not to know, to understand rather than to be over-awed and mystified. It is just beyond acceptance that in the all-important matters of their religion and their obligations to God that they would be different, that they would not want to know, that it

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would be enough for them if the hierarchy and the clergy knew. They are reverentially ready to accept revealed mysteries that are beyond them, but this does not necessarily include what is being said and done at Mass. There, they want to know and understand.

Not only from theory, but from the pride and satisfaction I find in the congregations that have dialogue and participation, do I presume to make this statement. I have yet to hear of any parish that has borne with the discomforts of disturbing entrenched habits and of moving the dead weight of inertia and apathy and has finally established the dialogue Mass, that wants to go back to the silent Mass of before. Mr. Waugh was particularly unfortunate in selecting the reform of the Holy Week ceremonial as his horrible example of what is to come if the liturgists have their way. Those of us who have had long experience with the old ceremonial and the old congregations, or the lack of them, and have lived to see the crowds and the intelligent and devout participation of today, can hardly believe that he means it.

ON HOLY Thursday morning, before the reform, there were the two by two processions of tiny tots in bridal wreaths, scattering rosebuds down the aisles of the church—which was devoid of all worshippers but doting mothers taking candid camera shots of their own tots and the parochial school children marched in to make up a congregation. Then Good Friday, with nobody attending the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified and none of the few who did knowing what was going on. Empty church, empty day. On Holy Saturday morning, a tangle of sleepy altar boys in the vestibule, trying to keep out of the way of the irritated clergy, and a few old faithfuls in the dark church wondering what was going on behind them. The ordinary people—and I never blamed them—avoided the unrelieved monotony of the lessons and the litanies by coming in when they figured Mass itself would begin. In my parish we rescued Holy Week nights from despair in the pre-reformation times by a tenebrae service, but it was wholly in the vernacular and with the people chanting all the psalmody. But apart from that, and before that, Holy Week, as far as inspiration and lasting benefit went, was almost a total loss.

Mr. Waugh's special resentment of the reformed Holy Week seems to come from the fact that attendance dropped off to nothing in the monastery where he used to observe the week during the last three days. My guess is that the former retreatants found what they sought in their own parish churches and had no need of a special retreat—which special retreats could hardly have been possible for the great middle group of England's Catholics for whom Mr. Waugh is pleased to speak.

Another thing that is not numbered among Mr. Waugh's hopes for the Council is Christian reunion. He implies that the Pope does not really have much hope for it either. He thinks that it is just something in what he said that the newspapers jumped at. Anyway, the Greeks could not care less and the Anglicans are hardly worth it (they have too many dogmatic and moral heretics among them). And this togetherness has gone so far that, it is said, some French priests are giving Holy Communion to non-Catholics.

That the Pope is wistful when he speaks of reunion and that it is indeed a dream that seems too good and too far off to be true is only the sober truth. But that the Pope does not mean it and that the people do not want it can be only an impression that comes from our author's temperament and not from his observations. He is just against "togetherness" as he is against change. In this, he is by no means unique. He insists that he is typical of the average Catholic, of the great middle class, and there are times when I fear that he is all too right. But that there is an ever-growing number of Catholics who want both change and more union can be borne out, I think, by the experiences of all of us who are pleased to be numbered among them.

For weal or for woe, there are strong forces at work in society, not necessarily in conflict either, that are increasing the Catholic desire for change, and for changes that will make for greater association and collaboration with others. Among these forces, which are working in other "closed" societies than our own as for example that of the Jews, are: pluralism; suburbanization; social mobility; the wider diffusion of higher education and of prosperity; the need of conformity and status; the common fear of Communism; the common exposure to the same media of information and opinion, the picture magazines and the television programs; and so on. Minds and sympathies are being unconsciously standardized by common influences and there is plenty of conscious reaching out, too. Many Catholics, on all levels, want to be less circumscribed in their social contacts and fuller and freer in their participation in community affairs. They are sick of unnecessary suspicion, aloofness and determined separatism from men of other minds and ways. They want peace among neighbors as among the nations, and for this they know that they must give as well as get.

Many bishops, I presume to say, want those things that come from a warmer approach to our separated brethren, both as a reflection of their people's wishes and in their own right. But some bishops want them more than others because they need them more. It is a matter of surprise to no one that those seeking reunion, renewal and reform most eagerly come from the countries where religion is oppressed or depopulated. Those who see no need of change at all are those who "never had it so good." It is the way of human nature. Those who are closest to the Communi



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countries and the Communist pressures know they need the help of all believing people and of a less divided, if not a united, Church. Similarly, those who face churches empty of both priests and people want an upgraded, involved and enterprising laity. They cannot afford to let great resources lie around unused to preserve the status quo, one which for them is not so good.

ANOTHER hope that is mostly hope-not, is with regard to the lay apostolate. I should judge that Mr. Waugh is against it, though I am not sure why, and neither is he. For he is a bit ambivalent in his attitude towards the laity. He thinks that the middle-class, mute laity, of which he would like to present himself as the prototype, should be heard. Though how this can be if they do not speak, I wouldn't know. Yet he warns the bishops of all things to be on their guard against "The Voice of the Laity" and he calls the phrase "The Priesthood of the Laity"—which derives from St. Paul—mere cant. He is particularly wary of those studious, theologically well-read laymen who concern themselves with the liturgy. He would prefer the opinions of the simplest parish priest to theirs, and he states that anyone who resents the privileged position of the clergy is unChristian. I think, myself, that the reason for this is that he identifies the layman with the lower class, and that even though, *vis à vis* the hierarchy, he is of it, he believes it should learn to know its place. In this respect, he is a bit ambivalent towards the bishops, too, as is not seldom the case with men whose attitudes are emotionally oriented. He is with them when they are with him, but not so steadfastly when they are not. He is anxious that they do not let the laity tell them anything but he also wishes that they would not toss sanctions around so freely.

One would be slow to disparage Mr. Waugh's contention that there should be no changes in the Church, he being such an important man of letters and a shining light of English Catholicity, if it were not for the strong, clear voice of the Pope that there should be. He called the Council and he called it for the purposes of bringing the Church up to date, to effect reform and renewal —and he did express hopes for reunion.

The Mass, as is, did satisfy the saints and our fathers before us but the plain, sad fact is that in many, many countries called Catholic it now gets less than ten per cent attendance. A former apostolic delegate to China is reported as having said that that country could have been converted by now if it were not for the first necessity of Latinizing it. Religion has suffered enormous losses in our century and there have been no compensating gains. We are not expanding at the rate we should, to borrow a concept from our political economists. Mohammedanism is gaining more converts in Africa than we are and such cults as Mormonism and Seventh Day Adventism are growing faster than we are. We certainly need something to get us moving again and it is the hope of everyone, from layman to Pope, that the Council will work it out.

*AWRENCE T. KING*

# A Union Shop at Lockheed?

## *Not only an economic question*

WHEN THE Cuban crisis was at its height, some ten thousand members of the AFL-CIO's International Association of Machinists (IAM) massed at a football stadium in Van Nuys and voted by a three-to-one margin to authorize their negotiators to call a strike against Lockheed Aircraft Corp., one of the nation's prime defense contractors. Three days later, a strike was called at corporation plants in Van Nuys, Burbank and Sunnyvale, California, and at installation and maintenance facilities at Vandenbergh Air Force Base, Calif., and Cape Canaveral, Florida. Picket lines were set up at all five sites.

Faced with the prospect of shutdowns at the nation's space-launching facilities and costly delays in production of Polaris missiles, F-104 jets and P3A anti-submarine aircraft, President Kennedy requested—and was granted—a Taft-Hartley court injunction on the grounds that the strike posed a serious threat to the national interest. Lockheed workers are now back on the job under an uneasy eighty-day truce, the duration of the T.-H. injunction, but the dispute, in the words of IAM Vice President E. R. White, "is still very much unresolved."

The dispute centers around the IAM's demand that Lockheed agree to an election among its production workers at its California divisions on the issue of a

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union shop. On all other issues, including a twenty-five-cent-an-hour wage increase over three years, the company and the union have reached agreement. Why the intransigence on both sides on this one issue—and a non-economic issue at that?

The dispute has been building up for years. Since World War II, the aerospace industry has emerged as one of the dominant forces in the American economy, but it has become a fearful, hesitant giant beset by all sorts of unprecedented problems. The transition from manned aircraft to missiles, the crash nature of the nation's space program, the constant jockeying among the major firms for the big contracts, the saturation of the once lucrative foreign market for commercial transport planes—all have tended to produce a high degree of uncertainty on the corporate level. Among the workers —and the unions which represent them—the result has been an intense feeling of insecurity.

General Dynamics-Convair provides a case in point. For years the corporation has been San Diego's leading employer, but its failure to obtain new contracts after filling its Atlas missile and B-52 bomber commitments has led to a reduction of its work force by more than ten thousand in two years. Fortunately, many of these workers have been absorbed by new service enterprises in the rapidly growing area. But to the IAM and the United Automobile-Aerospace Workers, the other union in the field, a membership loss of that magnitude has been a severe jolt.

The unions have also been hit by static or declining membership among production workers throughout the industry as a whole, while the percentage of white-collar workers has been rising sharply. The latter, the unions maintain, are the "ones who are getting a free ride on the union" although they enjoy all the benefits of union-negotiated contracts.

Ironically, when General Dynamics, North American, Ryan and Aerojet-General—faced with a strike threat—acceded to demands for union shop elections, union officials contend it was the votes of these office workers which defeated the measure. In all cases, the union shop was favored by a majority of the workers but fell short of the two-thirds' majority which was required for its passage.

AN INTERESTING theory has been advanced for these defeats. It runs something like this: workers who remain outside the unions are generally more individualistic, have little or no sense of social responsibility and are apt to be more selfish than their fellow workers who carry union cards. They are the type forever asking: "What's in it for me?" When they voted on the union shop, they knew the contracts were already closed on wages and other benefits, which they would get anyway without joining the union. To them, mandatory union membership meant only one thing: monthly dues and assessments. Given a choice, they preferred to keep things the way they were.

This theory was put to a test among the thirty-one thousand workers at Boeing Airplane Co. in Seattle. There an "advisory" vote on the union shop was conducted before general contract negotiations got under way. The measure was endorsed by well over the required two-thirds' majority. Non-union members in this instance, the theory runs, knew that an overwhelming majority for the union shop would pay off in a better contract—more money and benefits for them.

At Lockheed's California divisions, the IAM says it has seventeen-thousand members and that another fourteen-thousand workers are "getting a free ride." Lockheed's adamacy, in view of these figures, has puzzled labor-management observers. They point out that the trend in Southern California would seem to favor a management victory since the IAM would have to win over almost eight-thousand non-union members to gain the required two-thirds' majority. Win or lose, however, union leadership has made the issue its primary objective and is committed to press for it in all contract negotiations. Apparently Lockheed is just as determined to resist.

Courtland S. Gross, chairman of the board at Lockheed, has maintained: "Our position is not anti-union It is anti-compulsion." Full-page ads proclaimed: "We believe that every employee should have the freedom to join or not to join a union . . . A basic freedom is not something to be voted away."

In short, Lockheed contends an uncompromising moral issue is involved. This has raised the hackles of the IAM, and it has countered with statements by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen—"we feel they are better qualified to discuss the morality of the issue than Mr. Gross," the union said—who not only defended the morality of the union shop but insisted that a worker who benefits from the existence of a good union has a moral obligation to join it and pay his fair share toward its upkeep.

The debate over the morality of the issues has tended to obscure the dispute's political overtones. Involved is nothing less than the Kennedy Administration's attempt to forge a new policy encompassing the nation's industrial complex, a policy which stresses the public interest in wage and price deliberations and its implementation at times by government intervention.

Last summer, when it became apparent that trouble was brewing in the aerospace industry, President Kennedy appointed a fact-finding commission to study the situation and make recommendations that might head off work stoppages. When the panel submitted its report last September, it noted that the union's demands adhered to Administration recommendations for keeping pay raises within its guideposts of non-inflationary productivity increases. As for the union shop, it pro



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posed that negotiators agree to submit the matter to a vote of the workers with—and this was an outright concession to management—a two-thirds majority required for passage.

At his September press conference, Mr. Kennedy endorsed the recommendations with the dour observation that the unions' financial demands were "not particularly generous to the unions." He also noted that the principle of the union shop had been accepted by most industries years ago; and he saw no valid reason for the aerospace firms to object to the commission's recommendation for a vote on the issue. A strike, he concluded, would be the "clear responsibility" of the industry.

The business community, still smarting from the President's success in forcing Big Steel to rescind its announced price increases last spring, accused him of siding with the unions and throwing the government's weight behind a policy of compulsory unionism. After the initial angry denunciations were duly recorded in the press, the major firms of the aerospace industry—completely dependent upon the government for its contracts—got down to actualities.

Douglas Aircraft Co. compromised the issue by agreeing to an agency shop. Under this arrangement, an employee who does not wish to join a union pays the equivalent of union dues for services rendered by the bargaining unit. General Dynamics-Convair, North American, Ryan and Aerojet-General put the issue to a vote. Boeing Airplane Co. and the union agreed to an advisory" vote on the issue to guide negotiators on both sides of the dispute in bargaining on terms of a general contract.

All these corporations, it is interesting to note, had previously echoed Lockheed's line—"a basic freedom is not something to be voted away"—but when the chips were down, it was the economic factor that won out.

Why has Lockheed alone of the aerospace corporations held out? Observers close to the situation believe that the aerospace industry—and big business in general—was looking for a powerful company to "stand up" to the President. Lockheed, the theory goes, was "elected" because it was in a strong financial position, it held vital Pentagon contracts which could not be shifted to other contractors without incurring huge government losses, it employed a larger number of non-union workers than the other corporations, and management of the corporation felt strongly that "compulsory unionism" was an issue that could be dramatized to the disadvantage of the Kennedy Administration.

If this be the case, the expiration of the Taft-Hartley moratorium will find Lockheed and the IAM right back where they started, and resumption of the strike will confront the Administration with the severest test of its wage-price policy since the steel controversy early last year. The Administration, however, is still firmly convinced of the soundness of its policy—a conviction that leaves little room for doubt that the government will eventually win its point with Lockheed. That, in turn, means the IAM will win its demand for a union shop election. Whether the union can win the election, however, is another matter.

*A PROTESTANT VIEWPOINT*

# Prayer and Unity

***Robert McAfee Brown***

ONE OF THE most impressive symbols of the kind of concern that is increasingly manifesting itself across the chasm of our divisions is the coincidence of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity and the Christian Unity Octave. During the week of January 18-25, Christians from all branches of Christendom not only talk about unity and think about unity; they do something that is far more basic, they pray for unity. And since we must recognize that Christian unity, when it comes, will be the gift of God rather than the achievement of men, there is nothing more to the point than joining our hearts in prayer to that same God in whom, through Jesus Christ, we have (as Oscar Cullmann has pointed out) solidarity, though not yet unity.

This is the period of the year when I feel most fortified against the frequent Protestant criticism of those who engage in Catholic-Protestant ecumenical activity. The criticism usually goes like this: "What's the use of all this concern about Catholic-Protestant unity? The whole venture is going to founder because of the ultimate disagreements that cannot be overcome and that will keep us separated even if we can get rid of other misunderstandings and stereotypes. Christian unity is

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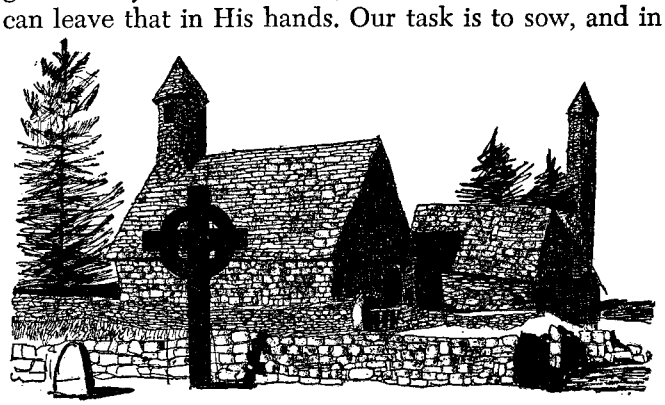
a vain hope that evaporates in the stern air of reality. So why expend so much energy on a venture that is doomed from the very start?"

I am sure there are times when every ecumenically-minded Christian shares this sense of human frustration. I am equally sure that such times are times of spiritual fatigue rather than of piercing insight. And at such times the antidote is not a feverish search for "reasons" to pursue ecumenical concern in spite of human obstacles. The antidote is prayer. Certainly the entire ecumenical venture *does* founder unless it is the will of God that His children be one. If this *is* His will, then it is simply unfaith to be persuaded in advance that it cannot come to pass because we do not see how He can achieve it. If this is *not* His will, then nothing we can do will ever make it a reality, since this is God's world and not ours.

So the ecumenical concern of Catholics and Protestants is basically a matter of a very simple, but fundamental assertion: the assertion that God wills unity rather than disunity in Christ. The one who is persuaded of this fact—be he Catholic or Protestant—can be perplexed at the divided state of Christendom, but not unto despair. He can acknowledge realistically that with men it is impossible, and at the same time affirm, equally realistically, that with God all things are possible.

If concern for unity is grounded in prayer, then the task for our generation is to avoid the dismay that could render us impotent when we survey the awesome barriers that separate us. More positively, our responsibility is to work at the particular tasks God has given this particular generation, namely the overcoming of four centuries of mutual suspicion and hostility, not knowing what will be the specific outcome of our labors, but simply offering them up to God, convinced that nothing is offered up to Him is offered up in vain.

T. S. Eliot has given us an over-statement of one side of the truth that can be our guide at this point. "Take no thought of the harvest," he has written, "but only of proper sowing." This is not the whole truth, since the nature of the harvest for which we hope will determine the manner in which we sow, but Mr. Eliot is absolutely right in intimating that the harvest will be gathered by God and not by us, and that therefore we can leave that in His hands. Our task is to sow, and in



ecumenical endeavor the most powerful instrument o sowing is prayer.

The tired refrain that "nothing can come of it" i therefore not a refrain that need dismay us. We do no know, specifically, what can "come of it," and indeec whether or not anything tangible "comes of it" in ou day is a matter of quite secondary importance. Chris tian unity, then, is not a matter of man's broken inten tions nearly so much as it is a matter of God's ultimat intentions. Rome may plant, and Geneva may wate (or vice-versa) but it will be God that gives the increase

There is, of course, something very dangerous abou praying for Christian unity, particularly when we joi ourselves to the petition of the saintly Abbé Couturier that Christ's church may be made one "in accordanc with His wishes and through the means that He wi choose." This is to be asking for unity on God's term rather than ours. Such is always the condition of tru prayer, but we must be sure that we are really willin to have unity on God's terms rather than ours.

This means that Protestants must be willing to wi the death of many of the structures that are dear t them, if those structures stand in the way of true unity It means something of the same sort of willing on th part of Catholics, and this may be what makes som Catholics reluctant to pray on the Abbé's terms, fc in Catholicism gospel and structure are more closel tied together than in Protestantism. The Catholic convinced that of course reunion means the return c the wandering sheep to Peter's sheepfold. Until r cently, the Protestant has tended to feel that the she herd is content to sit in the sheepfold waiting for th errant sheep to come to their senses and discover th way home, recognizing that home is Rome. Unchangin Rome will wait, unchangingly.

But the events of the past year have indicated th such an attitude, if it ever was typical, is by no mea typical of all Roman Catholics today. Although we c not yet know what will emerge from the Second Vatica Council, the nature of the debates this fall makes pla that the church is willing to take seriously Hans Küng plea, that *vis-à-vis* Protestantism the Catholic Chur must listen to all that was significant in the Reforme protests, and by its own reforms neutralize those pr tests wherever this can be done in consistency wi Catholic doctrine.

Whether the Catholic Church as a whole will l ready for this kind of ecumenical stance is somethi that will become clearer as the months go by and t Council reconvenes. But in the meantime, the whc tenor of the Second Vatican Council symbolizes significant outreach toward the "separated brethre and indicates, to Protestants at least, a new willingne on the part of Catholicism to demonstrate that conce for unity is not just a matter of one group's moving t ward the other, but of all groups moving toward Chri



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# THE STAGE

## *On Seeing Oliver(!)*

BEFORE ONE can even begin to say anything useful or pertinent about "Oliver!" that damn exclamation mark has got to go. It has been the trend, of course, to work up an anticipatory excitement in this way—punctuational *panache,* we might describe it—and the possibilities remain staggering for a rejuvenation of the theater through a single tap on the keyboard: "Sigmund!" for a musical about psychoanalysis, "Albert!" or one about relativity, "Moise," for an epic about the Congo, or plunging down the Dickens mine that has just been opened, "Nell!" "Tim!" "Sidney!" "Chuzzlewit!" or "Magwich!"

Well, neo-conservative that I am, I remember that Shakespeare didn't write "Hamlet!" nor do I, if you will forgive the juxtaposition, sign these columns Richard Gilman!, and so, in the interests of recovering other people's lost modesty for them and for the sake of the truth, I shall henceforward refer to "Oliver" without its significance-smuggling caboose. In this way it may be easier to convince the reader who responds to exclamation and question marks the way he does to traffic lights that "Oliver" is really as flat and unthreatening as it looks in print all by its unadorned self.

"Oliver" isn't an uncommonly bad or an especially boring show. It represents no new perversions of taste, or any brilliant consolidation of old perversions either. It doesn't even offend very much through its possessing only the most mechanical and epidermal resemblance to Dickens. The program does announce, after all, that the thing has been "freely adapted from Dickens' *Oliver Twist,*" and who in his right mind would want a musical comedy to be faithful to any novel which wasn't written in the first place with an eye to being turned into one? No, the point is that "Oliver" isn't faithful to anything at all, except an idea of expertise, the art of satiny legerdermain that our daily reviewers like to refer to as "theatrical magic" and for which the operative adjectives are "beguiling," "sprightly," and "delightful."

It is a piece of genteel trivia, full of spurious sentiment and fake ebullience, a work for those coldest-hearted of all spectators, the ones who want their evenings in the theater to be heart-warming. Dickens may also have been heartwarming, but that is never where he begins; he earns his indulgence in sentiment and comfortable tears by means of journeys through pain and shock, which incidentally make countless human and social discoveries along the way. But "Oliver" is gutless from the start, the opening number in which the boys of the orphanage rousingly sing a hymn to "Food, Glorious Food" and Oliver T. asks coyly for more, setting the strictest dimensions for what is going to follow.

And what follows is this: red-nosed, big-bellied Englishmen in knee-breeches; a Fagin who is more of a bubbling television personality than a master-thief; an idea of poverty so scrubbed, wholesome and charming that our hero's restoration to his affluent family seems like a fall from grace; songs so bland and safely tuneful that even Khrushchev can leave the theater whistling them; an ingenious set which is frequently more interesting to watch being put in motion than the events going on upon it.

And everywhere the boys. Fifteen or twenty of them, lovingly exploited little Britishers (or so one assumes) who snatch at one's heartstrings with all the self-congratulating rapacity of David Merrick snatching at one's pocketbook. Oliver is played by one Bruce Prochnik, a good-looking enough lad, but one who, if measured against some of the children in the French or Italian movies we have been seeing, is, like most of his coworkers, remarkably deficient in expressiveness, grace, spontaneity and all the rest of the qualities we associate with childhood.

Those are also the qualities we once associated with musical comedy when it was supposed to be flourishing, in its young brave post-"Oklahoma!", sorry, "Oklahoma" days. "Oliver" is an elaborately wrought counterfeit of what was never far from being a counterfeit in the first place. The only thing I think I have omitted to say about it is that its book, music and lyrics are by a youthful Englishman named Lionel Bart! (*At the Imperial*)

RICHARD GILMAN

# THE SCREEN

## *"Wisdom To Know the Difference"*

IT IS ALWAYS with regret that I find myself unenthusiastic about films as well-intentioned as the couple on our lists this week. In presenting the weaknesses that flesh is heir to, these movies mean so well and are so ploddingly sincere in their highly-charged emotional content that they are almost painful to watch. But as drama, or as cinematic entertainment, they leave much to be desired. Their success, if any, is as tracts for the times, pointing out a lesson that audiences are to consider seriously.

The main trouble with "Days of Wine and Roses" is that it is about such superficial people that one loses interest in them long before the plot gets down to the principal theme: the evils of alcoholism. The married couple bogged down with drinking problems are exceedingly well-played by Jack Lemmon and Lee Rem-



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ick, especially during the vividly-portrayed alcoholic forays and subsequent sobering-up periods.

At the picture's beginning, Lemmon is a San Francisco public relations man whose main job seems to be procuring girls for big-shot clients. At their first meeting he mistakes Miss Remick, a client's secretary, for one of the call girls—not a very auspicious start for the romance that follows. But neither Jack nor Lee are very bright.

On their first date, he gets drunk and persuades her, a non-drinker with a great fondness for chocolates (a clue to later events), to have a Brandy Alexander. He tells her he wants to be a real public relations man, not a pimp; and she tells him she's reading a set of poetry books from A to Y. All this leads to their falling in love and getting married one night—much to the dismay of her father (Charles Bickford), a wise, old nurseryman who quickly sizes up Lemmon and isn't impressed with the measure.

Papa is right. The marriage goes from bad to worse. Lemmon drinks too much to keep up with his high-powered clients, fights with Lee when he comes home to his sober wife and baby, and Lee starts drinking to keep up with him. As the years go by, both husband and wife become lushes.

Audiences who saw "Days of Wine and Roses," when it was one of the shows on "Playhouse 90," will remember that it was a pretty grim affair. The movie, produced by Martin Manulis and written by J. P. Miller, who were also responsible for the TV play, is equally grim. Although the film is dragged out too long and the characters aren't too well motivated, the scenes showing Jack Lemmon drying out after his drinking bouts and all the episodes connected with Alcoholics Anonymous are fascinating.

The fine work done by the A.A., their prayer ("God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference"), and their insistence that an alcoholic admit he's an alcoholic merit unreserved commendation. It's unfortunate that the film, with its worthy production, good performances directed by Blake Edwards, and Henry Mancini's effective back ground music (although I could have done without th just too-pretty theme song) isn't better as a whole. I spite of its many stirring and realistic scenes, "Wine an Roses" is little more than a shallow movie about shallo people who drink deep.

EVEN MORE grim is "A Child Is Waiting," most which takes place in an institution for retarded chi dren. The film makes no effort to spare sensitive aud ences in scene after scene showing the children at pl and in their classrooms, children who are mentally r tarded and many of them misshapen. Needless to sa these scenes are hard to take; and a whole picture d voted to this subject, no matter how worthy its aim wears out its viewers.

Producer Stanley Kramer and scriptwriter Abl Mann, who collaborated so effectively on "Judgme at Nuremberg," don't do quite so well with "A Child Waiting." They obviously wanted to put over the me sage that any progress made by retarded children good—for them and for their parents. But Mann's pl is so naive that if Burt Lancaster, as the psychiatris head of the institution, would give a few words of e planation to the tender-hearted music teacher (Juc Garland) about the inadvisability of becoming too a tached to any one child, there wouldn't be any plot.

This music teacher, who seems to need a little thera herself, comes to the institution to devote herself to t unfortunate children. She practically melts when s comes in contact with some of the deformed minds a bodies, but in no time she is attracted to one nice-loo ing little fellow who has made no advancement at since his arrival at the institution two years ago. An although his parents have never come to visit him, waits for them every Wednesday visiting day—waiti expectantly for mother or father and a modicum of lo or at least some sign of interest.

Flashbacks reveal a little about these parents (Ge Rowlands and Steven Hill) who are now divorced a have little contact with each other; but they don't e plain satisfactorily how they can be without heart any understanding of their little boy. Judy, all hea but disregarding the rules, gets the mother to con The boy, beautifully played by Bruce Ritchey, sees h briefly, is completely shattered, and runs away, throwi the whole institution into confusion.

John Cassavetes has directed his cast well, but I wi he hadn't allowed well-meaning Burt Lancaster to so angry most of the time, or Judy Garland to be alwa on the verge of tears. The children are wonderful; a if you're feeling strong you may be able to stay w this picture to its ever-so-upbeat finale: a Thanksgivi program in which Bruce finally cooperates and whi Judy stages with loving care and new understandi

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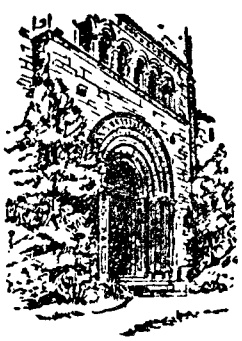

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# Policy Dilemmas in a Nuclear Age

*The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy. By Thomas Molnar. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00. The Age of Overkill. By Max Lerner, Simon and Schuster, $5.95.*

*by Justus George Lawler*

IT IS SAID of a recent Pope that once when a personal project had been voted down by his counselors, he covered the black balls with his zucchetto, and remarked, "See, they are now all white." Mr. Molnar, like his fellow *National Reviewers,* is all for the white over the black, but he lacks the charm or the charisma to bring off the transformation.

Mr. Molnar traces the failure of American diplomacy to its fear of using power to secure its ends; there is some truth to the contention, though one might suggest that the failure has been in the use of power for questionable ends. At any rate, those responsible are the "typical political scientist" who lacks the imagination that comes only with a broad outlook on life and with the courage of one's convictions," and his lay counterpart, the "liberal ideologue" who has a "soft mind" and favors "collectivistic ideas." "These so-called formulators of public opinion" possess a "ferocity natural to starry-eyed humanitarians," and engage in such "shadowboxing in the maze of Utopia as disarmament talks, test moratoriums" and the defense of "our biggest gadget, the United Nations."

Mr. Molnar's method of exposition relies heavily on the abusive adjective and the pejorative suffix: there are no neutrals, only neutralists; the laws, or sentiments, or ideals he dislikes lead to legalism, sentimentalism, and ideologues; this bad world is compounded of welfarism and defeatism. The style, then, is that of the chronic letter-writer to the daily press whose tone was captured by Waugh in the phrase: "This so-called twentieth century."

According to Mr. Molnar, "naive professors" who "repeat ritualistic slogans" are turning the nation into a *république des professeurs.* Mr. Molnar, when he is not writing books like the present one, that is, in so-called real life is a Professor of French who, we are told, enrolled at Columbia "with the aid of General Eisenhower": this latter presumably as a prophylactic against "the advocates of scientism, like Bertrand Russell and Sidney Hook," and "Protestant political and moral utopians like Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich."

In the political realm, who are these "busybody intellectuals" who adopt a "child's eye view of history" and advocate for foreign affairs an "Alice in Wonderland policy?" Their ranks include Walter Lippmann, George Kennan, John A. Lukacs, Michael Harrington, "another Marxist intellectual," and "on the popular and demagogic level, Mrs. Roosevelt," Professor Rostow, Professor Schlesinger, and John Cogley, "the well-known Catholic publicist."

What are all these people reading? "The Leftist Catholic *Commonweal,*" and the writings of those "theorists" who "keep painting mirages on the horizon: either Messrs. Kennedy, Rusk, et al, in their speeches, or the New York *Times* editorialists" who "entertain us with children's stories."

After Professor Molnar has put the suffix on every progressive factor in modern society, after he has addressed and caressed his pejoratives, one is not particularly shocked by his conclusion: "The cold war will in fact be won" by that power which is "not afraid to hold, unilaterally, the Damocles sword of extinction over the head of the enemy"—a thesis which makes one think there may be something to this notion of a betrayal by the professors. *De te fabula,* Professor, as they used to say in the so-called good old days of Machiavellianism.

The author of *The Age of Overkill* is described by Thomas Molnar as among those who, "even if they are not Communists, have treasured up the Marxism of their youth." With this fittingly two-faced accolade, one naturally expects Max Lerner's book to be penetrating, scholarly and balanced. For the most part these expectations are fulfilled.

The central theme is that we are moving into a new epoch in which the old geopolitical standards of balance of power, of maintenance of the *status quo,* of nation state rivalries, will have to be transcended if the world is to survive. The framework of the discussion is the dilemma raised by the impossible possibility of thermonuclear war. This problem is raised in the first chapter, and an approach to its resolution is attempted in the last. Between these limits, there are excellent treatments of the nature of Marxism, the crisis of the emerging nations, the development of an organic cultural system in which intellectual and political leaders can effectively communicate with one another and so leaven the mass of society.

However, to a great extent these are permanent issues in the twentieth century, with only an indirect relation to the balance of terror question which is the professed subject of the book; nor is this relationship heightened by verbal techniques which superficially link "overkill" to "overtake" (economic development) or "overreach" (nationalism). These neologisms explain in part why a book with such obvious breadth of information and such generally sound prudential judgments nevertheless remains seriously flawed.

The language is, on the one hand, the flaccid prose of social science textbooks: "I call these two impulses the *domination effect* and the *accommodation* effect"—meaning, respectively, imperialism and co-existence. On the other hand, the attempt to redeem the polysyllabic coinages by bits of imagery begets a kind of undergraduate journalese: "The Communist path of economic glory leads inevitably to the grave." These are more than stylistic gaffes, because they reveal a bias toward a historicism which in its search for scientific and universal norms imposes a stereotyped pattern on the living datum: "The political leader is neither saint nor hypocrite, but a possessed man, with a daemonic possession. . . ."

Actualities tend to be blurred by



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aphorisms, and the aphorisms tend to assume an incantatory power: the leaders of the underdeveloped peoples are "young men in a hurry—tied to their nation's past, but anxious to overtake the older nations and find the blueprints for the leap into the future." In such a conception, the age of overkill, overtake, overreach may also be the age of oversimplification: "The French grand manner, even in a time of agonized withdrawal, was never more brilliantly deployed than by de Gaulle. This was a gift denied to the Belgians, Dutch and Portuguese. . . ."

This objectifying of words and hypostatizing of ideas to minimize the existential contingencies of a situation, and to induce the kind of assessment typified by the following: "I don't go along with the school which holds that the quality of Khrushchev's role is due to technological and class changes in Russia. The logic of this, carried further, would mean that Stalin, had he lived, would have become an anti-Stalinist." That there is a logic in history is hardly demonstrable; but the weakness of the argument is evident in its reliance on the objectified symbol, "anti-Stalinist," with the ensuing purely verbal contradiction.

This same tendency negates much of the criticism of Charles Osgood's scheme for unilateral initiatives, which Lerner believes does not take into account the "reality of the Grand Design" or the "unsentimentality" of Soviet leaders. "Grand Design" is the author's currency for the Marxist-Leninist program, and in the argument it is raised to the status of a shibboleth. "Not taking account of the Grand Design" really means not taking account of the mental construct which Lerner has made of the ideological scheme of Communist imperialism, a scheme which is itself a mental construct rather than a fixed and objective reality.

Osgood's proposal was not based on some kind of "retaliatory goodness," but on the mutual interest of the power blocs, on the fact that men with even the most ruthless abstract programs must modify them if survival requires it, and that the nation with the greatest spiritual perspective can best initiate steps toward such a modification. I do not believe that Lerner has invalidated that proposal or that his own recommendations are as likely to bring us through the next decade.

## A Complete Sampler

*Poet's Choice. Edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland. Dial. $6.95.*

*by Richard Lanham*

FINDING a fair anthology of modern poetry is not impossible, but there are plenty of obstacles to overcome. Many collections are so unwieldly it takes a weight-lifter to carry them; many are so cheaply published they yellow in a month. Even the quality paperbacks, which have done much for individual authors, fail—if indeed it is a failure—to include in *their* anthologies any but the most up-to-date poets, leaving the older generations of contemporary writers to their own devices for seeking out an audience.

All of these problems have been solved by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland in their well-made book, *Poet's Choice.* One hundred and three of the best recent poets were asked to select a "favorite" or a "crucial" poem of their own and give the reasons for their choice. The result is an unusual, surprisingly complete, sampling of recent verse.

By limiting each poet to one poem (and let no one raise the irrelevent objection that the range of an artist is obscured by this method), Mr. Engle and Mr. Langland allow for an attention to the poem as an individual fact which is often impossible in larger collections where 1101 other works stand ready to seduce your interest. But what really confirms the individuality of these verses—and provides the *pièces de resistance*—is the poets' comments.

Ostensibly, these comments explain why the selections were made, but more often than not they delightfully circle the point. John Ciardi, for example, wanders through two and a half pages talking about everything from aesthetics to his desire to write a verse drama, only stopping long enough at the poem at hand to say he likes it because it is "singing."

Frequently, the moral of the poem or the history of its composition is supplied. And time after time the comments insist that, work hard at his job as he might, a poet is never able to say ultimately why or how poetry gets written. Thus John Wain describes his work: "I didn't write it—it happened to me;" and Archibald MacLeish, going the ultimate distance, says: "I sometimes think the relations between writer and written is reversed here: this poem is writing me."

When motives for selection are disclosed it usually falls out that verses were picked because they pointed a new direction for the writer, or because they achieved something he had been working for and had not gotten until then. Almost no one included his poem because it was a favorite; there was, in fact, a chorus of angry denials that any offspring could be favored.

But whatever the comments, rambling, serious, humble (Ogden Nash "From a thirty-three year high mountain of trivia I offer this mouse") or mock-proud (William Henderson "I don't write . . . to show how clever and well read I am—though I am rather clever and well read . . .") taken together they are enjoyable enough to be worth the price of the book. And, as an illumination of the verse, I think it safe to say that these comments should make its dark personal and organic sides shine bright enough to burn away, in anyone who has it, the widely but silently held notion that poetry is the pinned butterfly of the arts.

## Passing Sparks

*Eternal Fire. By Calder Willingham Vanguard. $6.95.*

*by Saul Maloff*

BY NOW everyone knows what lies beneath all the surfaces; no matter how highly-wrought the façade is we know in a flash what is beyond it: it is not for nothing that we have gone to school where the symbolism and "modes" are carefully taught and badly learned. So when Calder



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Willingham begins his new novel with a heavily-ironic purple description of a magnolia landscape ("In this peaceful land, pretty birds sing and the woodbine twines. Violets and forget-me-nots bloom in the meadow. The wind is soft as a baby's smile, and as warm and gentle as mother's love.") we know we have not long to wait before the snake comes slithering through the grass of that "garden." That seeming peace will be shattered by commensurate violence: it exists for no other reason.

Uncomfortably (so well-schooled are we), we are aware of the author at work; we know we are about to be shown the face of evil peering from behind the pleasantest of thickets. And since the landscape is Faulkner's (the setting in Willingham's native Georgia cannot disguise a familiar terrain), we know with an ancient knowledge the shape and contours of that face. The shaping hand, however, is not that of the master. From the beginning we cannot believe, nor even take seriously, the chic, self-mocking, embarrassed voice: the only evil it can speak of is the literary kind, and it holds no terror for us; for to "place" it is to domesticate and neutralize it. The moment we recognize the voice, the mystery is gone, deprived of whatever power it might have held.

Nor, indeed, does the author himself believe in it: the style continually belies whatever the original intention may have been. The "sense of evil" and the slick professionalism of the writing cancel one another out. The "hero," who "knows more than he understands," is agitated by a "half-conscious awareness of evil"; the house he lives in, Carthage Hill, stands on an old Indian burial-ground; the girl who will test his love, and finally his manhood, is as "intact a virgin as any within Christendom," her beauty of the kind "to make strong men weep and heroes sigh." The man who is to ravish her ("an adventure that would bring forth the culmination of his dark genius") is presented to us as the very principle of diabolism—evil manifesting itself through decoration, Clarissa Harlow and Richard Lovelace in Georgia.

The vulgarity of this conception finds its perfect stylistic equivalent in an undergraduate dream of beautiful prose: "On shaded green lawns dew lay like silver, and in the shadowy garden a spider's web gleamed with tiny diamonds, hidden briefly from eternal fire. The sun had risen, transformed from gold to a hammering incandescent white. Sky, deep purple blue, framed with fleecy clouds the remorseless explosion of the heavenly vault." Deep purple blue, certainly.

The plot along which this massive (630-page) novel is arranged is slight, its weight grotesquely disproportionate to the weight of the book. A young man, Randy, will come into a fortune upon marriage; he is in love with and determined to marry Laurie Mae Lytle, she of the intact virginity. His uncle, the Judge (oddly perverted, thoroughly corrupt, a pompous ass in the familiar tradition of Southern bombast and flamboyance), has criminally mismanaged Randy's estate and is about to be exposed by a blackmailer. Desperately, therefore, he must prevent the marriage; he conspires to do this by compromising Laurie Mae.

Priapus, in the figure of a pimp with a dash of Negro blood (Harry Diadem), is the appointed agent of her undoing, which once achieved will put off Randy, a Southern gentleman with ideas about vestal brides. That, really, is all there is to it: stripped down to what it essentially is, we have nothing but melodrama of the grand guignol variety, advanced soap-opera against a background of Southern Gothic. Will Diadem succeed in his attempt on Laurie Mae's virtue? Can she foil his fell clutch? Will Randy learn of it? Can he take it?

Obviously, the stage is set for pornography; and if that is what we are looking for, Willingham is not one to disappoint us. If it were only that, we could take it, or leave it alone, for what it is. What makes it vulgar is that it pretends to be something else, to exist for a more transcendent novelistic purpose: "In reality, the South was a battleground of the good and evil that burns in contradiction in every human heart."

To dramatize this portentous platitude is the novel's ostensible purpose, of which Willingham insistently keeps reminding us, all the more shrilly whenever he stands in acutest danger of losing sight of his goal. Yet, despite his insistence, the energy of the novel gathers entirely around the pornography; and as it continues to do so the author loses heart, his conviction diminishing by observable degrees, his intention wavering and finally crumbling altogether. What is left is pornography, out and out; and as though it were his fate, Willingham seeks courageously to outdo all competition in a furiously competitive field.

He very nearly succeeds. The original impulse having eluded him, Willingham virtually tells us that this has now become his aim: the Judge tells Diadem, the "magnificent mongrel," whose "powerful, naked, and elemental magnetism" causes women to fall at his feet, "Your seduction of Miss Lytle will be your greatest score. It will go down as a classic in the annals of erotica." What he does not count on, and what makes it erotica, is that Laurie Mae, an intact virgin mainly for lack of opportunity, proves more than a match for her pursuer. The encounter between the two—when, finally, after several hundred pages of near-hit and miss, it does take place—is straight, unabashed, unevasive pornography, derived from, though it hardly attains the standards of, "classic erotica."

Against this, the main plot-line, Willingham plays as counterpoint yet another, that of extravagantly portrayed incest involving characters who have no bearing to speak of on the main action. By the time he has exhausted his imagination we have been hauled the length of the gamut: alcoholism, lechery, satyriasis, voyeurism, idiocy, homosexuality, sadism, masochism, lunacy, nymphomania, incest—a parody, and catalogue, in short, of the netherside of Southern Gothic. Throughout all this, Willingham repeats that he is really writing a parable of good and evil (the "fire" of his title is hellfire). Perhaps the novel's only saving grace is that not even he believes in his silly, pretentious apologetics.

Sentimentality, which is the other face of pornography, shows at its



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most maudlin when the "good" needs to be dramatized. Since we are by this time habituated to the moral and aesthetic world of gothicized melodrama, we are not surprised that its agents and conveyors should be the incestuous father of the subplot, insane with remorse and redeemed by grief and moral revulsion at his own (exhaustively-detailed) acts; and a monstrous dwarf, an idiot of God, who adores Laurie Mae to the extent of giving his life in the act of taking her ravisher's—in a cinematic scene of revolting and sadistic sentimentality.

What we are not prepared for is the sentimentality of The People; but why not? Out of nowhere they come, in swift vignettes: the young nurse comforting the dying woman; the good-hearted woman behind the counter of the all-night diner; and—he lives on in fiction!—the kindly and sagacious truckdriver. And Randy himself, an insufferable prig until now, comes to understand, and forgive all, although how this came to be is anybody's guess.

Perhaps suffering did it: in the dark night of the soul anything can happen; and what can be darker than to know that one's angel is after all a woman like any other? To our stark and unbelieving eyes Willingham brings the scene of Randy's final conversion to human awareness and compassion—all at the hands of the plantation's old darkies, Carthage Hill's faithful family retainers, Melinda and Josh. Even the names are perfect: out of the depths of their wisdom, born of milennia of sorrow and loss, comes the balm by which he is finally saved. That—and love, which is better than the gold he loses.

These pieties on top of those pornographies make up the 630 pages of Calder Willingham's *Eternal Fire.*

# Richmond Lattimore: Poet and Translator

*Sestina for a Far-Off Summer. By Richmond Lattimore. The University of Michigan Press. $3.75.*
*The Revelation of John. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. Harcourt, Brace and World. $3.95.*

*by Janet Fiscalini*

AS A poetic genre, the musing of the man-of-the-world-and-of-letters has had a long, uneven life. Few poets are really so traveled and lettered and worldly. Few have the lightness and deftness needed to prevent the conversational tone from going flat. And the most talented find it difficult to infuse into this rather self-conscious mixture the energy and feeling without which it tends to become predictably and embarrassingly roguish.

Mr. Lattimore has all the preliminary qualities and talents, and very often the energy and feeling. This is especially true of the short lyric pieces and of the poems beginning with particular experiences. "North China and the Children," about childhood memories of China, and "Andritsaina Revisited," about an isolated Greek village, are among the best things in the book:

"We, once the dowered barbarian in the land,
the Goth on the capitol, dream now sadly back
as heirs to a kingdom gone. At Pei-tai-ho
the mountains, the monastery cliff, and Buddha's
Tooth . . .
And George, the drunken guide with the flower over his ear,
told us how, where we walked, resisters had stood the prodotes
in a line and gunned them into oper graves, with Christos
Christopolos
the lordly and gentle innkeeper o the days of my youth. . . ."

Some of the foci of the poet's feel


"MI HIJO *John es demasiado joven para conocer sus hazañas heróicas, pero cuando crezca un poco, le contaré mi esperanza que un día se demuestre la mitad tan valiente como vosotros. Y además le diré—no se preocupen, Jack no entiende español—que espero que quien sea presidente cuando mi hijo se halle en su propia Bahía de los Cochinos, demostrará la fuerza moral para no abandonarle en la playa. Les saludo."*

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g are apparent in the quotations. veral pieces involve a helplessly ined contemplation of continuing ar. More of them move, with wonrful delicacy, about the ancient emes of memory, innocence, and nsuality: "If memory is decayed nse, and imagination decayed emory, what do you make of you d what do I make me, seeing I what I have seen, mostly? And w decayed."

Elsewhere, Mr. Lattimore does ell enough what people have been ing well enough for twenty years. hether or not it is worth doing is other question. "Birds Across the a" is a selective (thank heaven) ld guide to birds in English po-y. "Poussin's World" and "An Ode Gertrude Ely's Spring Party" are t what one expects: a museum rality tale and a prosodic exere with colin clouts and morris nces. "Apologies to Creston" is a nd discussion of the fact that poet once drove through a midstern town without noticing anyng special about it. He doesn't nk anyone there noticed anything cial about him, either. Of course, one were to say that this kind of ng happens quite often and one ght not take it too seriously, Mr. ttimore could fairly reply that this ust what he means. I confess that ke light verse to be lighter.

Mr. Lattimore's translation of the velation of John was undertaken th the idea of making a simple, ral translation in which the syn- and order of the Greek should permitted to dictate the character the English style." I believe the re English" reader will find it sistently more splendid and imssive than other recent versions, often more readable (even apart n the absence of archaisms) than traditional ones. In total effect liffers from the latter chiefly in nuch faster, more dramatic, more ulative rhythms. Beside this conous and onrushing speech, the arrangement seems a collection separately uttered, separately ghted prophecies and individudeveloped images.

ne of many passages brought to power begins at 19:12: "His are flame of fire, and on his head are many diadems. . . . And from his mouth projects a sharp sword, so that he may strike the nations; he will shepherd them with a staff of iron; and he will trample the press of the wine of the fury of the anger of God Almighty."

It is only fair to add that the very literal translation (Mr. Lattimore says it may be too literal for some tastes) results in some oddities. In what I suppose is the Greek verb tense order, single passages shift from past to present and back again. Often this corresponds to some special passion or exactness in English; occasionally it is simply strange. There are a few other problems, but beside the general and particular splendors of the translation, they seem unimportant.

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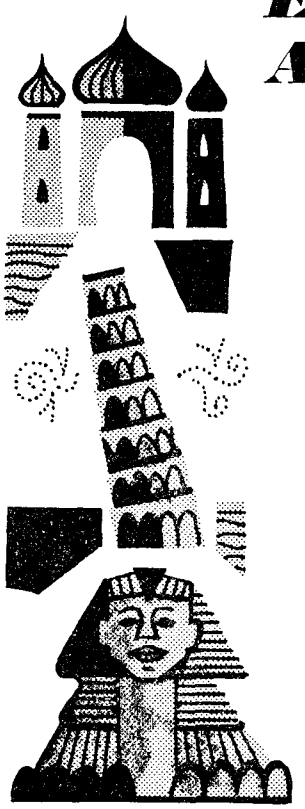

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